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Ceremonies at the Unveiling of a Copy of

THE COLLEONI EQUESTRIAN STATUE

By VERROCCHIO

Executed by J. MASSEY RHIND, Sculptor

Presented to the City of Newark, New Jersey, by
CHRISTIAN W. FEIGENSPAN, ESQUIRE
on the occasion of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary
of the Founding of the City

Under the auspices of the Committee of One Hundred
FRANKLIN MURPHY, Chairman, presiding

CLINTON PARK, NEWARK
Wednesday afternoon, July twenty-sixth, nineteen sixteen
at four o'clock

PROGRAM

1. FESTIVAL MARCH from "The Masque of Newark" *Henry Hadley*
2. INVOCATION .. REV. E. A. WASSON, Ph.D.
3. SOPRANO SOLO—"Roberto, O tu che Adoro"
from "Roberto Il Diavolo" *Meyerbeer*
INEZ ALLEN POTTER
4. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS FRANKLIN MURPHY
CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED
5. ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION JUSTICE FRANCIS J. SWAYZE
6. UNVEILING MRS. CHRISTIAN W. FEIGENSPAN
7. ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE
HIS HONOR, MAYOR THOMAS L. RAYMOND
8. WALTHER'S PRIZE SONG from "Die Meistersinger" *Wagner*
9. "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER" *Sousa*

Musical Program under the direction of MR. THORNTON W. ALLEN

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INVOCATION BY REV. E. A. WASSON

O Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast put it into the heart of a member of this community to bestow this work of beauty on our city. May it stand for generations and ages as a joy and an inspiration to our people, as well as to the stranger that sojourns among us or passes through. May it also prompt others to give of their means for the beautifying and ennobling of the city, which safeguards and enhances us all.

Yet suffer us not to rest in any outward grace of form and feature, but lead us to the better beauty within, of mind and heart, which alone can make a people truly great.

We thank Thee for the donor of this statue; for this occasion, and all who contribute to it; for our city; for its good days that are past, and for the better ones to come.

And to Thee be the praise. Amen.

ADDRESS OF FRANKLIN MURPHY

Chairman, Committee of One Hundred



We are met this afternoon to dedicate to the use and enjoyment of the people of Newark an exact copy by a famous sculptor of the greatest equestrian statue in the world. Its commanding beauty will adorn the city for many generations and the resolute face of the great soldier will inspire afresh those failing hopes that sometimes beset us all.

Colleoni lived five hundred years ago when the conditions of national and civic life were different from those of the present day. It was the time for the soldier of fortune. It was the day of the highwayman and the brigand. In Italy it was the day of the Condottieri, the leaders of military companies who for hire served the cause of the cities or states that employed them. War was a trade. The leaders made their own terms and gathered their followers as best they could. They cared nothing for the cause for which they fought and were ready to change sides for sufficient inducement. All this seems impossible to us in these days when the world is engaged in the greatest of all wars and when

the spirit of patriotism is sufficient to cause men to make any sacrifice and to take any risk.

Colleoni was a condottiere, following in his father's footsteps. Serving first Venice, then Milan and then Venice again until his death, although when Venice was at peace he would make war on his own account, either to keep his hand in or to improve his private fortune. He fought because he loved to fight. He was a kind of glorified brigand, and yet in a way he was something of a Napoleon.

Before he rose to supreme command he was the life and spirit of his army, and when he was finally made Captain-General of the Republic of Venice, Venice was secure from all her enemies as long as he lived.

He was a man of great ability and in another age would have had greater renown.

But it is not because we care very much about Colleoni himself that we are here this afternoon. It is rather because he was the inspiration of one of the greatest works of art in the world. I doubt if we would have known much more about Colleoni than about the other great soldiers of his time if his fame had not been made secure by the immortal statue to which every visitor to Venice makes pilgrimage.

And this priceless treasure it will be the inspiring privilege of the people of Newark to enjoy. Justice Swayze will, I hope, tell us how the possession of this beautiful gift tends to elevate the thought of a community.

It only remains for me to thank the giver on behalf of the people of the City of Newark. His modesty has prevented our assigning him an important place on the program of the day. He has even insisted that his name should not be mentioned. But I should be deprived of a pleasure and should fail in my duty if I did not say that, not for his munificence alone but for that willingness to serve his city in every fine way, Newark feels proud of the fact that Christian W. Feigenspan is one of her honored citizens.

ADDRESS BY JUSTICE FRANCIS J. SWAYZE



R. FEIGENSPAN'S most generous gift is likely to be the most enduring memorial of our celebration. Most of the buildings we see will give way to others before two hundred and fifty years have passed, as the visible signs of the settlers of the town have disappeared. This bronze will outlast them all.

The statue, a copy of which we dedicate today, has kept alive for nearly five hundred years and will keep alive for five hundred years longer the name of a soldier who served, as his interest dictated, now the City of Milan and now the City of Venice, and who died seventeen years before the long vigil of Columbus was ended by the sight of San Salvador rising above the western horizon. You will search the ordinary books of history in vain for an account of Colleoni. Even the great *Biographie Universelle* gives him but a few lines. The military expert of today would look with pitying contempt upon the gun carriages and the field artillery which enabled him to give Venice the advantage over her foes, as submarines and Zeppelins and aeroplanes, seventy-two centimeter guns and super-dreadnoughts, give an advantage today.

Few travelers visit his native town of Bergamo where he lies buried, but the thousands who throng to Venice, and visit the tombs of the Doges in the Church of Saint John and Paul, look with amazement and delight on the statue in front of the church where horse and rider, in bronze, seem to live as they lived five hundred years ago.

The government Colleoni served went down, after various vicissitudes, in revolution; the French tricolor floated in the piazza of St. Mark, where no foreign standard had been seen for fifteen hundred years; the bronze horses brought by Venetian conquerors from Constantinople were carried to Paris, there to remain until the Peace of Vienna caused their restoration; but

the statue of Colleoni still stood in the little piazza. It saw the downfall of the Venetian Republic after more than a thousand years of freedom; it saw a greater change in government, a change which would have seemed incredible and unintelligible to the mediaeval soldier of fortune. The wars of Italian cities with one another have long since ceased; the chains which protected the City of Pisa against the attacks of Genoese ships have been returned, and hang in the Campo Santo as a symbol of the good will of former enemies; and in our own day Italians throughout the famous peninsula have demonstrated the falsity of Napoleon's sneer that the Italian people are unfitted for liberty and independence, by achievements worthy of the most heroic days of the past, which have formed a United Italy under the statesmanlike and fortunate leadership of the House of Savoy.

Enduring as bronze is, it too like all the works of men is fleeting. Statues with which a rich and cultivated society had decorated Italy and Greece were melted in the dark ages, except where they were buried beneath the ashes and lava at Pompeii and Herculaneum. They furnished a readier source of supply of a needed metal than the laborious processes of mining and smelting. Their memory and their influence survives, and so the memory and the influence of this gift may outlast the bronze itself.

We have already had gifts from generous citizens. We are destined to have more. We already have bronze statues, some of high artistic merit, but all have either some local or some national significance. Today for the first time, we dedicate a work of art whose only significance is artistic. It is a long step forward in the beautifying of our town. We have no interest in the Italian mercenary soldier of the late Renaissance. Most of us never heard his name until within a few weeks, and would not have heard it now but for Mr. Feigen-span's gift. We do not know the names of his victories. The cause for which he fought long ago ceased to be of

present interest. "Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause for which he died." It is art that has prolonged his fame and made it known in a land he never heard of and aroused the interest of men of a different race and tongue. Newark has long since passed the time when its citizens were interested only in the accumulation of wealth. We have reached the time when we can afford to dwell on subjects apart from our daily toil. It is artistic and intellectual triumphs that distinguish a higher civilization, and endure the longest. Venice and Milan and Genoa are no longer the great marts through which flows the commerce between East and West. Florence long since ceased to be the banking centre of the world. Italian supremacy in commerce has gone forever, but travelers from regions unknown at the time of Colleoni's death, still throng to Venice, attracted not merely by the marvel of palaces rising directly from the waves of the sea, but by Titian's pictures of the Assumption of the Virgin and the Presentation in the Temple, by Tintoretto's frescoes, by John Bellini's madonnas, by the Cathedral of St. Mark and by the statue of Colleoni; as they go to Florence to see Giotto's tower, Michel Angelo's Moses, Raphael's pictures, and the Medicean Venus; as they go to Rome to gaze in wonder on St. Peter's, the picture of the Transfiguration, the crowded wonders of the Vatican. The ancient triumphs of the arts, or architecture, of painting and of sculpture, make Italian cities famous beyond modern cities of greater commercial or industrial or political importance. But we should fall short if we thought only of the fame that attracts strangers. The sight of noble works of art influences for the better the character of every man. Everyone is more careful of his conduct, and doubtless of his thoughts, in splendid than in mean surroundings. I have seen two ragged little boys eight or ten years old looking at the wonderful pictures in St. Peter's, the younger listening with rapt attention as the elder told him the story, both behaving with the propriety that

the place demanded. Every one of us has the feeling of beauty; every one of us adorns his home as best he can afford, and is the better for it. So must it be with a city. The more beautiful its buildings, the better and more numerous its works of art, the more its citizens will respect it and respect themselves and when these are allowed to fall into decay, the downfall of the city cannot be distant.

This statue is significant because it adds to the beauty of our city, makes it more famous, attracts strangers, and educates and ennobles ourselves. It has also another significance. It unites in thought the young, the vigorous, the rich, and the growing Republic of the West and the glorious memory of a republic that lasted thirteen hundred years, from the Roman Empire to the French Revolution, and with a great nation of which the Venetian territory is only a part, and a race that has played a leading part in the formation of our modern civilization. We Americans praise ourselves until we are in danger of forgetting that great things have been done elsewhere on earth. I yield to no one in my admiration for the material progress of the United States which in little more than a century has developed our great domain of three million square miles. I yield to no one my admiration of the inventive skill and energy and commercial daring which have made us one of the wealthy nations of the world, and may, if we only choose, make us one of the influential. I yield to no one in admiration of the political genius and good sense of my fellow citizens which has formed here a federation of forty-eight sovereign states and shown the world how peace may be secured by justice, and when war should be made for a great cause, but the most enthusiastic American must admit that we have not yet excelled in literature, in poetry, in music and in art. We have been engaged in the struggle for a living. We are only beginning to take an interest in those phases of human activity that characterize an advanced civilization. If we are to be counted among the great

nations, we must first realize our shortcomings, and avoid self complacent boasting and foolish pride. We can improve only if we cease to boast where we excel others and think wherein they excel us. By common consent Italy has excelled in literature, in poetry, in music, in architecture, in painting, in sculpture. She has been apostrophized by one Englishman as a land dear to freedom and by another as "the light of the world enkindled when Greece grew dim." No one would deny that many of the supreme names of the past in art and literature and science are Italian, and in these days of electricity the names of our own great inventors find worthy rivals in the great Italians whose names are now familiar terms, Galvani, Volta, Marconi. I am inclined to claim the first place for the United States in matters of political development, but I am by no means sure that the achievement of Franklin and Washington, Hamilton and Marshall, in welding together into one nation, discordant states, does not find its parallel in the bold and courageous work of Cavour and Victor Emanuel by which Piedmont and the little kingdom of Sardinia became in a few years the great kingdom of Italy.

May Mr. Feigenspan's gift make us think better of our city and care more for it; may it stand as a constant reminder of the great things that we owe to Italy and inspire us with a feeling of noble rivalry as long as this bronze shall endure.

*ADDRESS BY MAYOR THOS. L. RAYMOND



THROUGH the generosity and fine public spirit of one of our citizens we Newarkers can now say that we have here, adorning our city, where all may see it and rejoice in it and share its beauty, one of the most beautiful objects of art in the world. The day of its unveiling is a day full of promise for Newark.

The beauty of this monument needs no words; there it stands; it speaks directly to us all its clear and convincing message. The greatest critics have described it, praised it and given it its place among the works of art of all time. Ruskin has said that it is the most beautiful equestrian statue in the world. His judgment has been sustained by what Matthew Arnold calls "the finely touched and gifted men" of four centuries. To it through these centuries untold pilgrimages have been made to Venice by the lovers of the beautiful.

To a degree impossible in the fine arts of architecture and painting, sculpture lends itself to exact reproduction. By the means of casting we have here in Newark exactly the splendid statue which has astonished and delighted the world all these years in Venice. This is due to the self-effacing labor of our great American sculptor, Mr. J. Massey Rhind, whose own brilliant work, the equestrian statue of Washington, now adorns one of our parks. Yet, while Mr. Rhind might exactly reproduce the statute, it is to his own taste, discrimination and art that we owe the superb pedestal in which he has given us the spirit and feeling of the original. There was but one thing he could not do. Time alone can throw upon our statue the glow and richness which four centuries of sunshine, wind and rain have cast upon the original.

With this monument before us we cannot fail to turn our minds toward the city, the race, the land, the century which inspired it; we must think a moment of

the man represented, of the times in which he lived, of what he stood for in his time.

The Venetians were hard, calculating, money-getting business people, and among the greatest traders the world has ever known. Their rise to power and dominion fills pages as marvellous as any in history. The sea was their medium and they built their city in the sea—and yet that city grew to be the most fairylike of all cities; the richest in tone and color, the most delicate in dainty loveliness, and through the marriage of the mystery of the East with the force of the West, the strange blending of the art of Byzantium, of Rome, and of the Goth, a wonder city of exotic charm.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, at the height and finest flowering of the Italian Renaissance, this Republic of Venice hired Bartolomeo Colleoni to fight its land wars—as all other states hired their troops and military leaders. Such condottieri were seldom men who would satisfy the code of the moral preacher of today. They fought for a prize, they served the highest bidder, they deserted when better terms were offered, they turned traitor at will. Such were the habits of the times and Colleoni was of the times, and he lived his life vitally and vividly until 1475, his seventy-fifth year, when he died.

But hear what John Addington Symonds, the great historian in English of the Italian Renaissance, says of him: “While immersed in the dreary record of crimes, treasons, cruelties and base ambitions, which constitute the bulk of fifteenth century Italian history, it is refreshing to meet with a character so frank and manly, so simply pious and comparatively free from stain, as Colleoni.” He was of his times and we must judge him by his time as we demand to be judged by our times by a critical posterity. We modern Americans can not hope to go into the court of posterity with clean hands. What will the judgment be of our treatment of so-called criminals and the horrors of our penal system? What will be said of the inhumane conditions under which

our poor live in our greatest and richest of cities? Shall we be able to justify the great mortality among young children, the spread of tuberculosis, our ignorance and stupidity in dealing with poverty and paupers, the general waste and inefficiency of our local governments? There is a general movement toward improvement; but this only opens our eyes the wider to our failures. We cry that we must be judged by our times, and so must Colleoni be judged by his, and he stands out in bright splendour as a man better than his times. The man who stands out from his time for wisdom or goodness or human liberty is a great man. He is a force which has helped to make the world a better place to live in, a bright star which sets not nor dims for the generations which come after him. Such was the man whose portrait in bronze we have here before us.

This statue was the work of two men, Verrocchio, of Florence, and Leopardi, of Venice, and critics have difficulty in attributing to each his just share. Verrocchio died before the work was completed and left his designs and plaster casts. The Venetian Republic employed Leopardi, one of her own citizens, to complete it. The weight of critical opinion gives the chief credit for the work to Leopardi, the well known characteristics of Verrocchio's style having disappeared from the completed statue. Venice's own son, not the outsider first chosen, made for Venice one of the greatest masterpieces of sculpture. The beauty of this bronze is undying. Generation after generation of young Newarkers will see it, will feel its beauty and its inspiration, and who knows, is the vision too fanciful, may not some young Newarker create its rival some day? How I long for the day when we shall have here schools of art, fully equipped, where our young lovers of the fine arts may have a start in sculpture or painting or music or the drama. These are the finer things of life which lift up the heart of a city and enrich its soul. May this monument remind our wealthy citizens of the possibilities of generosity; may the example of this generous donor find its followers!

If we look back to those great commercial cities of the Italian Renaissance we shall find that in the time of Colleoni their wealthy citizens were filling them with treasures of art which make today a pilgrimage to them real and necessary for the man who cares for beauty; and these cities of Italy, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Siena, Perugia, were cities of commerce and industry, their citizens were merchants and craftsmen, they were profit-loving as we are here in Newark. The soul of our city has been passed down to us a rather materialistic soul; civic pride has not found much room for growth in it. We have prided ourselves upon our industry, our labor, our commerce, our wealth, our material and temporal blessings.

We need all this, we need our smokestacks as emblems of our burning, vital life of energy and industry. We need to encourage the spirit of commerce and manufacture which has given us our title to greatness, but all this does not lessen our need of beauty and the finer things. There is no reason why we should not lighten up our profit-making industry with a richer and more spiritual view of life which shall throw a glow of beauty around all we do.

This spirit of which I speak was radiant in all those old Italian cities. Profit-loving and practical-minded as they also were, and while they pursued industry and commerce with an energy with which few cities have, they were enriching themselves with a culture as fine as any the world has seen, and the soul of this culture has not perished through all the days of decadence, tragedy and adversity which have followed the glorious Renaissance and from the effect of which these cities are only now recovering, under the beneficent and enlightening influences of the Risorgimento.

It is with the greatest pleasure and in the faith that a landmark has been set in our city's life and growth that I, representing all her citizens, accept this precious gift and tender the thanks of the city to her generous son who has made her so much richer than she was.

(*Owing to Mayor Raymond's absence on account of illness, his address was read by the Hon. Spaulding Frazer.)

CHRISTIAN W. FEIGENSPAN

747 BROAD STREET

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

July 26, 1916.

To the Mayor and Common Council of the City of Newark:

Gentlemen—I hereby formally present to the City of Newark the statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni now erected in Clinton Park, the same being a reproduction of the Colleoni statue in Venice, Italy, erected during the latter part of the Fifteenth Century by Andrea del Verrocchio and Allesandro Leopardi, sculptors. The reproduction has been made by J. Massey Rhind, sculptor, of New York.

Very truly yours,

CHRISTIAN W. FEIGENSPAN.

The original statue was erected in the City of Venice, Italy, in 1493, one year after the discovery of America. This copy is an exact reproduction in size and material of that which Andrea Verrocchio, the famous Florentine sculptor, conceived. Verrocchio died before his great work was completed; but directed that his pupil, Lorenzo di Credi, should cast the bronze and erect the statue. The Venetians, however, determined that one of their own citizens should have the honor, and to that end summoned Allesandro Leopardi, who had made the sockets for the flagstuffs on the Piazza of San Marco. Leopardi had theretofore been expelled from Venice as a forger. He cast the statue in bronze and built the massive pedestal, but had the effrontery to place his name, not only upon the base, but also upon the saddle girth of the horse. To the uninformed, Leopardi, therefore, appears as the author of the entire work.

The original occupies a small square, the Piazza Scuola di San Marco, near the Church of Saints Giovanni and Paola, Venice. It is surrounded by uninspiring buildings. The great mercenary warrior, Bartolomeo Colleoni, in whose honor it was erected, had decreed in his will that it should stand in the Piazza di San Marco, but the Venetians, hesitating to accord him so much, finally placed the statue in the smaller square.

There is no other full-size marble and bronze copy of this statue elsewhere in the world. It is forty-five feet high over all. The base of the Newark copy was carved from Georgia Cherokee marble, and the statue cast from standard United States bronze.

Andrea del Verrocchio, the artist, was born in Florence in 1435 and died in Venice in 1488. He was the most gifted pupil of the great Donatello, and a painter as well as a sculptor. The Colleoni was his last great work. Three of his famous pupils were Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino and Leonardo de Vinci.

The sculptor of the Newark Colleoni, as it will be known, is J. Massey Rhind, the author of Newark's statue of Washington. His work on the Colleoni is of masterful fidelity and grace. He has brought us not only the form, but the heroic spirit of this wonderful Italian example of the Post-Renaissance period in the history of art.

Mr. Rhind is a resident of New York. He has executed many notable works in America.



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FORMER MAYOR JACOB HAUSSLING (HONORARY MEMBER)